ITER BRITANNICUM

OR

ENGLANDS

Sad Journall.

FROM HER FIRST ENTRANCE into the wilderness of *SIN*: which was at the beginning of that long unhappy *PARLIAMENT*, *Novemb.* 3. 1640. when the people began to murmur against *MOSES* and *AARON*, to this present year of Jubile. 1660.

By a rurall and rufull observator, an old *Barrister*, though poor, yet faithful to the interest of his Soveraign, the Lords Anointed:

Who had the happiness to hear King JAMES proclaimed King of *England*, *Scotland*, &c. at *Cambridge* Crosse: after he had been 14 Moneths admitted Scholar in Christs-Colledge, *viz. March* 25. *Anno Dom.* 1603.

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Dan. 12. 4.

Shut up the words, and seal the book; even to the time of the end, many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased.

Vers. 10. *Many shall be purified and made white and tryed: but the wicked shall do wickedly, and none of the wicked shall understand, but the wise shall understand.*

LONDON,
Printed by *Peter Lillicrap*. 1660.

The several passages of this Journal are fifteen.

1. *Upon the National Covenant.*
2. *A vindication of the* Book of Common-Prayer, *from the approbrious term of the English Mass, by a comparison taken from war.*
3. *A Carol touching the observation of our Saviours Nativity.*
4. *Upon his Majesties imprisonment in* Carisbrook Castle, *with an Anagram added upon that occasion.*
5. *A caveat touching the tryal of his Majesty.*
6. *An Anagrammatical Epitaph upon* King CHARLES.
7. *An Epigram upon* King CHARLES *his bloody Martyrdome, [illegible] Epitaph.*
8. *A [illegible] or Lachrymæ.*
9. *An Epigram upon an Anagram made of* Oliver Crumwell, *soon after the horrid murder of King* CHARLES.
10. *Anagrams upon King* CHARLES *the second.*
11. *An Anagram with an Epigram made of King* CHARLES *the Second, upon the hope of his return to take his Crown.*
12. *An Anagram with an Epigram of* George Monck *upon that [illegible]*
13. *An Anagram with an Epigram on King* CHARLES *the Second, after his happy return, and being proclaimed King.*
14. *An Epigram upon the changing of the Kings Arms, by the authority of Parliament, into a Cross, and after that by* Oliver Crumwell, *putting for one of his Supporters a Dragon Rampant.*
15. *Observations touching the Lord General* George Monck, *his Icer Australe; and the happy Spring, brought into* England, *by Him.*

Upon

Upon occasion of the National

COVENANT.

Pactscor (quasi) Pacis cor

Pacis cor fovens, quisquis geris ore, Pactscor:

Aut minimè ex pactis Pace beatus eris,
Sanctitur Sanctæ Pacis conamina Fœdus:
Fœdatur fœdo, fœdere sanguineo.

Gen. 49. 6.
Prov. 17. 16

I.

ENgland! thou faithless fruitless, heartless Nation,
To God hath long sent his covenant of Peace,
To this perverse and crooked generation.
Which still persists rebellions to increase;
How long Gods Angels peace to thee have sounded,
That *Sodom*-like thou might'st not be confounded.

Phil. 2. 15.

But thou from good averse, to evil wise,
Hast still those messengers of peace contemned
And trampling underfoot the Gospels prize,
Before Gods judgement seat thou stand'st condemned:
That for contempt of that most precious jewell,
Thou should'st for vengeance now be made the fuell.

Jer. 4. 22.

And for rejection of his heav'nly word,
Which of eternal peace contains the Grant;
He now hath sent a fierce devouring sword,
The just avenger of his Covenant.

Levit. 26. 25

Thus for refuſall of that cheifeſt good
Thou ſtand'ſt convict of Soul deſtroying blood

Genus generaliſſimum omnium bonorum, Luth. And now the tokens of Gods dreadfull ire,
As obvious every day thou ſtill do'ſt meet:
The Sword devoures, as a conſuming fire,
VVhereby thy Sonns lie ſlain in every ſtreet:
Thou would'ſt not know what moſt concern'd thy peace,
For which thy wound ſtill bleedes and cannot ceaſe.

What then remains this bleeding wound to ſtanch,
Phyſitians ſay 'tis ſafeſt to divert
The courſe: and ſoon ſome other vein to launce
That ſo the firſt proves not thy deadly hurt;
Lam.2.21. Sinne cauſ'd thy bleeding firſt: then now begin,
Luke 19.42. To open, and make bleed the vein of Sinne.

Thy heart, with Sinne infected firſt rebel'd,
Againſt the Lord, and his moſt holy Law;
Then, with ſuch pride and haughty thoughts it Swel'd,
That by no threats it could be kept in awe;
Thus by thy monſtrous bold impiety
Thou firſt mad'ſt war againſt the Deity.

Now God againſt Thee ſounds his ſhrill alarms,
And of his deadly wounds thou feel'ſt the Smart:
Thine enemies are muſter'd up in armes,
Whoſe malice aimes to wound thee to the heart
Then turn thine heart from Sinne: and ſeek the Lord,
That he would turn from thee this dreadfull Sword.

Thy heart muſt firſt begin to ſeek releaſe
From guilt of Sinne, by hearty penitence:
Jonah caſt out, the tempeſt ſoon will ceaſe,
The Sword of vengeance ſtraight will vaniſh hence.
No outward Covenant can peace impart
Till inward peace findes place within thy heart.

VVhen

When *Noah* firſt ſent from his Ark the Dove, *Gen.* 8. 9.
Finding no place for reſt, ſhee back return'd:
Gods ſpirit with this Nation long hath ſtrove *Gen.* 6. 3.
To ſettle peace: which ſtill againſt it Spurn'd:
Peace never yet did build, or make her neſt
But in a well compos'd and quiet breſt.

Nor can that heavenly plant of peace once bloſſom,
Where 'tis but ſlighted as of little moment:
Nor ever will finde ſeat within thy boſome,
Whils't thou Rebellious wrathfull luſts do'ſt foment: *Jam.* 4. 1.
Peace only doth with Sonnes of Peace remain, *Luke* 10. 6.
Not finding ſuch, it ſoon departs again.

Then let the peace of God in thee bear ſway, *Col.* 3. 15.
And to the God of peace thy votes addreſs:
Renew thy covenant with him: and pray
That he would ſoon theſe bloody wares ſuppreſs
Sweet Jeſu! Prince of peace, this bleſſing grant *Eſa.* 9. 6.
Thou Angell of true Peaces Covenant. *Mal.* 3. 1

Doctor *Boys* in a Sermon upon *Pſal.* 105. 4.

Seek his face evermore.

YE may behold a lively Crucifix in the Churches Liturgy, framed according to the tenor of Gods own *Spirit*; for as much as our prayers contemplate God the Father in his Son; begun in his name, bounded upon his nature, concluded with his merits, as our onely Mediatour, and Advocate.

A vindication of the Book *of* Common-Prayer, *from that approbrious term of the Englisſe Maſs; by a compariſon taken from War.*

II.

ENgland! th'haſt learnt by dear experience
The myſteries and miſeries of war:
Since by that late unhappy difference,
Thy bowels bleed through an inteſtine jar:
What heart's ſo hard that panteth not for pain
To ſee thy children by thy children ſlain.

O that thine armes thoſe inſtruments of death,
Were onely manag'd 'gainſt a foreign foe;
Thy ſwords then ſhould not in thy bowels ſheath,
Which now doth cauſe us to lament for woe:
Curs'd be thoſe actors of that diſmal rent;
Thus cauſing war 'twixt King and Parliament.

But now to paſs from that with Silent tears
To great (alas) for tongue or pen t'unfold;
What Army's that which ſad Surprizall fears,
And will not ſoon hereof ſome fort or hold
That ſo intrench't within ſome bulwark ſtrong,
They may their ſafety with their lives prolong.

But if by th' adverſe parties feirce aſſault
There once be made a breach or battery;
If for defect of ſtrength, or ſome default,
They be inforced from that hold to fly;
The winning party ſhuns not there to reſt;
Though once the loſers were thereof poſſeſt.

But having by experience and due proof
Obſerved where errour was, and where defect,
And what for future ſtrength, yeilds beſt behoofe,
To perfect now they will no time neglect;

And

And in that bulwark made thus advantageous.
They rest, or fight, not less but more courageous.

Such was the Glorious work of Reformation,
When by the Gospels light of grace it first began
To purge Gods worship from abomination,
And chaffe of errour from Gods truth to fanne:
VVhich once displayd, as th' Ark at Ashdod found;
Down falls the Mass, like Dagon to the ground. 1 Sam. 5. 4.

That Mass of Idol worship; *Romes* strong hold:
Which once Gods purer worship did defile:
Yet in that heap of dross lay hid some gold,
Something was precious, though the most was vile:
The pretious those Reformers still retained,
But purgd away what ere Gods worship stained.

And now Conformed to Gods holy word
It (as a Bulwark) Popery withstands:
What was't the worse though once Goliahs Sword
When rightly managd by good Davids hands
What instrument can stand in better stead
Then that, to cut off great Goliahs head 1 Sam. 17. 51. 21. 9.

Such was that form those grave Reformers stated
From publick worship: which hath firmely stood,
Till now, for Church assemblies consecrated;
And seald with streams of the Reformers blood
Conform's to which unanimous consent
Confirmd by divers Acts of Parliament.

O then forbear that service to despise.
Much less to prosecute with violence;
This doth the Church of England Scandilize,
And fill it with reproch for reverence.
What e'er's amiss let lawfull power reform,
But let no violence Religion storm,

A Carol touching the obſervation of our Saviours Nativity.

I'Le ceaſe to wonder whence it is of late,
That men Chriſts birth-tide would quit antiquate;
Since theſe ſad times produce ſuch alteration,
That with his Birth-tide they hold no relation:
And things run counter contred now gainſt times of old
So as no correſpondency they hold.
Chriſts Birth brought with it univerſal peace;
Now wars and jars do dayly more increaſe.
Auguſtus then impos'd one ſingle taxe,
They'r now ſo multipli'd they break mens backs:
Each man might then to his own City go;
But now what's a mans own man ſcarce doth know:
The Shepherds then kept quiet Centinell
O're their flocks, and ſo all things went well:
Now ſhepherds from their flocks are forc'd away
And flocks and ſhepherds both are made a prey:
True light from heaven on them at midnight ſhin'd;
Now new conceited lights ſtruck ſome ſtark blinde.
Led by that light they came where Jeſus lay,
Theſe Ignes fatui, lead men quit aſtray.
Debar'd the Inne, he yet found room in th' Manger
Hee's baniſht now from pulpit as a ſtranger,
That day made Angells ſing, and ſhepherds glad;
But now to ſing or joy tis counted bad.
(Good will towards men) clos'd thoſe bleſt Angells ditty
Now malice raigns, and ruines town and City.
The Wiſe men came and honourd Chriſt as King,
Proud *Herod* ſtorm'd to hear of ſuch a thing;
And while they offered *Incence*, Gold and Myrrh;
He cloſly plots to be Chriſts Murtherer;
Poore King he muſt forthwith to *Egypt* fly,
T'eſcape from cruell *Herods* butchery.
But the Oxe, or Aſs offered no violence
To thoſe that came to do him reverence?

More

More brutish they who ſtifly ſtrive t'oppoſe,
Chriſts Births ſolemnizing, by Hymns or proſe.
Some of old *Herods* ſtrain, who down would cry,
All honour done to Chriſts Nativity:
VVho (cauſe hee's out of reach) have kild the Thorn,
VVhich flouriſht on the day that Chriſt was born:
They're loath to yeild Chriſt Regall dignity,
Yet long to have a finger in that joy.
The cavils made by ſuch (for ſome abuſes
To take away the thing) are poor excuſes:
Where that day's ſlighted, what appears the leſs,
Of whordoms pride, ſloth, and malitiouſneſs
Of dainty feeding, drinking richeſt wine.
Contempt of human lawes, and lawes divine?
Their higheſt pitch of zeal is herein ſhown,
They will no *Birth*-day of our Saviour own:
And think a ſermon Preacht on his Birth-tide?
Deſerves more blame, than all that's nam'd beſide
Whereas (abuſes wiſely purg'd away)
Glory to God on high, ſtill fits that day.

The thing blame-worthy moſt in th'antient ſport:
Was that a Lord of miſ-rule then kept Court
Who would the Maſter in's own houſe out brave:
What they in jeſt? we now in earneſt have;
Thus (both compared) which will worſt appear?
Theirs for twelve days, or our for all the year.
Ceaſe now (ſad muſe) moruning beſt ſuits thy fate,
Thy CAROLUS and Carol's out of date.

Upon his Majeſties impriſonment in *Caris-brook* Caſtle in the *Iſle* of *Weight*.

Good King! thy Royall breſt great *Cares* can *Brook*:
Since there Good Conſcience hath its Caſtle took,
For now poſſeſt of that true *Cares Brook* Caſtle,
Fear not (Great *Charles*) with greateſt Cares to wraſtle.

A fort of ſtrength thy Body now infolds,
But ſtrength of comfort there thy minde uphold's,
Which (maugre all reſtraints) remaining free,
Thou hold'ſt a ſtronger Caſtle then holds thee:
Thoſe Caſtle walls are ſtone-work: But alas;
Mie murus &c. Horace. How weak compar'd with thine, made all of Braſs.
Impriſon'd now thy power is yet this ample,
That thou upon thoſe walls can'ſt dayly trample.
Helyn. That *Cares Brook* holds five thouſand Armes within it
Pſal. 3. 6. Ten thouſand arm'd againſt Thine can never winne it,
So as (what ere men think, or vote or ſay)
Thou ſtill comand'ſt the cheiſe *Militia*.
His Majeſty was firſt carred to Cawſe *Caſtle.* Tis *Cares Brook* holds thee now: Not Caſtle *Cawſe*,
Nor could it, by divine, or humane Lawes.
Cawſe to ſecure thy Perſon there was fit,
But had no ſtrength at all t'impriſon it:
Nay; were but the leaſt place aſſigu'd Thee there,
Thoſe gates would open wide to ſet thee cleer.
Capt. of *Caws caſtle.* But *Basket* holds all *Cawſe* pin'd up and clos'd;
That none appears; or ſcarce can be ſuppos'd.
The climate onely, with thy State ſuits Right;
Vide infra. **True innocence* keeps Court in th'Iſle of *Weight*.
Prov. 15. 15 And holds his Revels there perpetual:
Though Rebels plunder, and pollute *White-Hall*:
1 King. 17. 7. Cheer up (good King!) *Cares Brook* (like *Cherith*) dries;
Joyes Ocean flowes to all Eternities.

* *King* Charles *on the day of his Coronation was clothed in white, contrary to the cuſtome of his predeceſſors, who were on that day clothed in purple: white is (we know) the colour of the Saints, who are repreſented to us by S.* John *in the* Revelation, *in white Robes. And this might be looked upon as an ill preſage, that the King laying aſide his Purple, the Robe of Majeſty, ſhould clothe himſelf in white, the Robe of innocence; or if thereby it were fore ſignified that he ſhould deveſt himſelf of that Royal Majeſty, which might and would have kept him ſafe from affront, and ſcorn, to rely wholly on the innocence of a virtuous life, which did expoſe him finally to calamitous ruine, we know that Purple is the Imperiall and Regall colour, ſo proper heretofore unto Kings and Emperours, that many of the Conſtantinopolitan Emperours were called* Porphilogeniti; *becauſe at their firſt comming into the world they were wrapt in* Purple.

Mr. L. Strange *Hiſtory of King Charles.*

A Caveate, touching the triall of his Majesty.

TIs a vouch't Maxime and received long
For certain truth: *The King can do no wrong.*
For what is done in great designs of State
His privy councel doth first agitate;
Who then for all miscariage in the same,
Are worthily adjudg'd to bear the blame.
This was the cause alleadg'd by *Parliament*,
Where by (misled) he from their councell went.
'Twas this, (They said) caus'd all those after stirs
To gain him from his evill Councellers;
Who by designes and plots that were not good
Op'd the first spring whence flow'd such streams of bloud
Judas the price was costly to obtain him:
But through that vast expence at last they gain him.
And now since it is form's councels sequestration,
That maxime receives full confirmation:
For since they his Person thus alone,
He challenge makes; What evil have I done?
Where is the man can say I did him wrong,
By foul reprochfull words or rayling tongue,
Against whom have I lifted up my hands
Though disobeying two my just commands?
And that in this his long and close restraint
His Royal heart and Spirit do not faint
But bear all with unconquer'd Patience,
What is't supperts him but his innocence?
What else could do't? in this sad state of life
Depriv'd of honours, and debar'd from wife;
And childrens sweet content: or bosome friend
Which in afflictions oft much solace lend.
Stript of all means, and liberty; nor may,
He set his foot upon his own high-way.
Besides all this; how may he be affronted,
By daily disrespects to Kings un-wonted?

How may he dayly undergo denyall
Of common Curtifies: what further tryall
Need there be made? what clearer Evidences,
To teſtify his Spotleſs Innocence?
Then ſince of witneſes there is no lack
To quit him from all wrong, what needs the Jack
Of further tryall? *Pilates* witneſs ean
Heere ſit; *I* finde no evill in this Man,
Yet he a Judge corrupt and popular
Who to pleaſe men, his Conſcience ſtrain'd too far:
And rather then he'le not be *Ceſars* friend
He ſticks not to bring Chriſt unto his end.
And (though convinc'd of his integrity)
Suffers the Jewes their King to Crucify:
But though by formall waſhing to make good
His Inocence from ſheding guiltleſs bloud;
Yet Lion-like (indeed at Lions born)
Gave Chriſt (that Lamb) to be of Lions torn.
Though over rul'd by Providence alone
So that of him they could not break a bone.
Yet to their malice he became a prey,
And (guiltleſs) di'd, to take their guilt away.
O *England!* nee'r maieſt thou produce ſuch newes
As to recall, or imitate thoſe Jewes,
Ever may that be an unheard of thing
That thou ſhould'ſt hatch one thought to kill thy King.
Let but the peoples Cry be heard; and then
He ſhall not die but live, and raign again;
Ther's to much bloud hath been already ſpilt:
O then forbeare to add this Heinous guilt
To ſhed one droop of that, whoſe matchleſs price,
Not Myriades of ours can equalize.
How highly ſhould that fact of Levellers
Tranſcend in vilanny Chriſts murtherers?
Pilate and theſe acted as *Ceſers* frinds
Theſe 'gainſt their *Ceſer* act like helliſh findes,
Thoſe Zelots would no King but *Ceſer* own,
Theſe would have name of King unheard unknown,

The

They plot one Royall head to tumble down
And to an Hydras head would heap the Crown
Men ſtrangely principl'd on ſuch concluſions
As tend to treaſons, tumults and confuſions:
In all their waies their reſolution's ſtrong,
To do no right; nor ſuffer the leaſt wrong,
Do croſe in all things that if heav'ns pleaſe
I wiſh them planted 'mongſt th' *Antipodes*.
But you that think you have the power of life,
(As *Pilate* thought) be warnd by *Pilates* wife.
Her councels good (if follow it you can)
Have you nothing to do with that Juſt Man:
That ſhee but ſufferd in a dream 'twas well
But think what *Pilate* ſufferd for't in hell,
He did the Lord of life to death condemn;
Dare you the life of your liege Lord contemn
Who is the Lords Anointed? O relent,
How can you touch him and be inocent?
Since for his Inocenee that Plea holds ſtrong
Vouch't by your ſelves: *The King can do now wrong.*
Then lay yonr hands on your own mouthes each one;
Who can do no wrong; ought to ſuffer none.

Sum CAROLUS REX, *Anagr.*
ARX SECULORUM, *Scile* DEUS

Iſay. 26. 4. Prov. 18. 10.

GOD and King CHARLES, how neer both Names agree:
Gods Name's a Rock to which all ages flee,
That's the ſtrong *Cares brook*, which infoldeth Thee.

An Elegy upon King CHARLES his bloudy Martyrdome, alluding to his Epitaph.

REst happy Soul! Thou now art come
To Royalty, in heighest room,
Of glory by thy martyrdome.
Freed from *Caresbrook* crown of thornes,
Piercing with reproach and scornes,
Glory now thy soul adornes.
Raigning there for ever 'bide,
'bove all envyes reach or pride:
Never King more blessed dy'd.

O holy Soul; Thou ofe didst rise,
When clod in flesh above the skies
By contemplations extasies:
But when through a crimson flood,
Thou didst spring to heaven in blood:
Angels all amazed stood.
Sing with them to th' Lamb on high,
Praises everlastingly:
But that blood doth vengeance cry.

Ah sinfull land! thou never wilt
(Till purg'd by fire) be free from guilt,
Of righteous *Charles* his blood thus spilt.
Sodoms lust had no such thing,
As to kill her lawful King,
Yet did fire from heaven down bring.
How can those when God in ire
Shall for guiltless blood inquire,
Scape the vengeance of hell fire?

A Threnodia or Lachrymæ.

O That my head were a ſpring-head of tears,
To break ope wide the floud-gates of mine Eyes
Since Etna like my heart with fires and fears
Smoakes forth in ſighes for *Englands* miſeries,
Sigh heart! weep eyes; and head be thou a ſpring
Since *Englands* pride her ruin ſure will bring.

Lo how the head through anguiſh is caſt down
The radiant lights eclips'd and waxen dime
How is the heart grown faint as in a ſwoun?
Goard all in bloud, lo, how her bowells Swime.
Sigh heart weep eyes; and head be thou a ſpring
Repentant teares a ſpeedy change may bring.

England! awake: how *Jonah* like thou ſleep'ſt
Environ'd with far deeper woes then Seaes.
Nor can thy tempeſt ceaſe while Sinne thou keep'ſt
Silently hid: which doth the Lord diſpleaſe.
Then ſearch thy heart to finde th' accurſ't thing
Whoſe caſting out: an happy calme will bring

Th' innocent bloud of *CHARLES* thy King once ſpilt
To heaven for vengeance cryes which yet lyes hid
And doth defil'd thee; t'expiate which guilt
Perform thou what the Lord himſelfe doth bid:
That the bloud-ſheders bloud ('tis th' only thing
Bejuſtly ſhed: which can the cleanſing bring.

Houſes defil'd with ſtench need much perfume
To take't away; Twas firſt that Houſe of Commons
That paſſ'd thoſe cruell votes: and did preſume.
To judge their King *Sans Law* or legall Summons
Then let that houſe where treaſon did begin
By their juſt votes ſeeke t'expiate that Sinne.

An Epigram upon an Anagram made of Oliver Cromwell *after the horrid murder of King* CHARLES.

Oliver Cromwell *Anagr. Cruel, Vile, Worm.*

CRuel, and *Vile*, and *Worm*, together put,
Make out to th' life, *Oliver Cromwells* cut.
Worm points the subject out: dispis'd and base
Cruell and *Vile* what his condition was,
Worm. *Worm* first come forth: O for some rare dissector:
T'open each vein from *Worm* to Lord Protector:
And to discover how this *Worm* could crawl,
Forth from a country brew-house to *White-hall*
The *Worm* its progress makes most under ground:
Which to discover full lies too profound.
But where it creepeth forth on th' earths surface
It leaves some slime; whereby men may it trace
All were but under ground works, while i'th Poll
Closely contriv'd 'twixt *Belzebub* and *Noll*:
Which after as they came to light in time
Shew'd where this *Worm* had crawl'd his filthy slime,
Such as exceed mans pen to lay them ope;
Such as ne,er eye beheld under heav'ns cope?
l. Next comes forth *Cruell*, which did plainly appeare
When this *Vile* monster left of brewing beere,
T' imbrue his hands in English blood: And thence,
Made drunk with bloud and fury could despence
With Nose no white nor pale; nor heart more faint
To thirst after King CHARLES his bloud, that Saint.
But (fear'd in's conscience) wrought all murders cruell,
Which serv'd as sparks to feed ambitions fuell.
But though he died a death outwardly dry,
Innocent blood made such loud inward cry,
As like *Prometheus* Vulture gave no rest;
But as a *Cancer* gnaw'd within his breast.
Vile. And now there's nothing doth of him remain,
But (*Vile*) whereof I'le onely prick the vein.

Whereout

Whereout forthwith will issue such foul stinck,
As from some puddle rak'd, or loath-some sink;
Which no embalming odours can o'er quell:
Match'd onely with sulpherous flames of hell,
The *Vile*'s extinct; The *Precious* is restor'd.
Let all true English hearts now praise the LORD.

Epitaphium

CAROLUS STUART.

Anagramma.

O! *Resta Tu Clarus.*

TU charus, CLARUS, RESTA O *Rex* CAROLE *Martyr.*
Truncatus capite; Ast alta corona manet
Truncatus capite orbatus terrestre corona,
Innocuus regnum, jam super astra tenes.

Upon King CHARLES the Second

CAROLUS REX.

Anagrammata.

1. SACROR EXUL.
2. CRUX SOLARE.
3. RE-LUX SACRO.

Heic: licet obducta est SACRO *nebulosa coligo:*
Semen Justitiæ est redivivæ LUCTS *origo.*
Vitam utrumque SACER *tenebrose coligine duces,*
Dispersis tandem nebulonibus inde RE-LUCES.

Though malice seeks a gloomy night
Upon the JUST to bring:
Yet where the HEART remains upright,
Joyes light afresh will spring.

THY Sacred Majesty seems yet
Enwrapt in cloudy night,
But Seeds of Righteousness well set,
Spring forth like morning light.

Justo Lux sata est; & rectis corde Lætitia. Psal. 9

CHARLES STVART

Anagramma.

CAL'S TRVE HEARTS.

Thy Birth-right, Seconded with Royall Parts:
Proclaims Thee KING. And *cals true* loyal *Hearts.*
Heavens Providence diſpoſe, Thou maiſt be reckon'd;
In *Englands* Catalogue, *King Charles* the Second.
O! ſecond Thou the Firſt, in heavenly Graces;
So Thou ſhalt reign with Him in heavenly places.
CHRIST call'd the meek and lowly'n heart to reſt,
Meek, lowly, loyall hearts, with THEE ſuit beſt;
Call ſuch to help THEE now: All are not ſunck,
Beneath the ſphere of Help: *call true George Monck.*

GEORGE MONCK.

Anagramma.

Go; Grone, Meek.

TH' art cal'd *Go* valiant yet *Meeke*; and *Grone*,
To ſee ambition climbe t'uſurpe the Throne;
Thou *Meek* art bleſt thou ſhalt inherit th' earth,
Help Him t' inherite thrones, who claim't by Birth:
Go on: this will a ſecond bleſſing bring
And crown thy meekneſs? If thou crown'ſt our KING.

Th' art cal'd: *Go* fetch our BENJAMIN agen,
Old ENGLANDS life's bound up in HIS; O then
Our ISRAELS ſpirit will be reviv'd: Heav'ns ſay AM

CHARLES STVART.

Anagramma.

ACT'S HEARTS RVLE.

TYrants late rule made ENGLAND rue for Smart
THOU rul'ſt by ſuch a law as rules the Heart:
Our late taſkmaſters rule, was all by tricks:
Giving no ſtraw, they urg'd full tale of bricks;
Such was our miſery; ſuch our ſad lots
Whiles THOU (choiſe veſſel) layd'ſt among the pots:
When Rav'ns and Vultures made of us a prey
Leſt the bare bones and tore the fleſh away;
But as thoſe Ravens, for death cry oft Pork, Pork?
So theſe o're perking *London*, *Pauls* and *York*;
'Twas but againſt their death, that they th us crav'd,
For now THOU (*Silver* winged Dove) haſt ſav'd
ENGLANDS poor chickens, by THY timely flight
Hither: from *Lamberts* clawes that high flown Kite.
Wellcome (bleſt dove) thy feathers ſhine like *Gold*
Whiles THOU defend'ſt the Faith: As did of old
Thy Grand-ſire; and that Sainted King thy father:
Who for defence of Faith and lawes choſe rather
To ſuffer Martyrdome at his own doore
Than to deſtroy foundations lay'd before
Which God had to His heart ſo full reveal'd,
That he (bleſt Saint) with his heart-bloud them ſeald
Whereof th' art come Delivery to take
And (repoſſeſt) all *England* happy make.
To which GEORGE MONCK, A faithfull witneſs ſtands
Single in Heart? But acting with both hands
Such ſervice; as the Lord himſelfe did own
Thy's Miracle of mercy fully ſhown,
In ſetting on thine Head a glorious Crown.
Parliament; people all, and from all parts,
Proclaim CHARLES King of *England*; and of Hearts

So may he rule thine Heart, who's King of Kings;
And to confusion ev'ry treach'rous plots will brings?
That a long prosp'rous Raign may be thy story
Heer; And in fine an heavenly Crown of glory
Amen, and Amen. *Psal.* 89. 52.

An Epigram upon the change of the Kings Arms by the Authority of Parliament into a Cross: And Olivers Cromwells *Arms having for one of his supporters a Dragon Rampant.*

'Twas a sad presage of poor *Englands* loss;
From those who turn'd her Crown into a Cross
When Lyons rampant, passant, pass'd away;
And a red Dragon rampant beare the sway
Nebuccadnezzar like oppressing sore,
He made poor *England* like a threshing flore:
Jerusalem and *Zions* lamantation
Were fit complaints both for our King and Nation:
He hath devoured: he hath crushed me,
I'm made an empty vessell now to be;
He like a Dragon hath me swallow'd up
And with my delicates hath fil'd his cup.
And without feare his belly full did gorge
Till th' harvest brought his threshing time; When *George*
Old *Englands* Saint, was rais'd by God anew
To thresh to dirt that bloudy cursed crue.
The violence to King and people done
But above all Innocent bloud did soone:
Cry lowd: And he who is of vengeance Lord
Himselfe did plead their cause, and help afford.
And now those Dragons fell, their projects missing;
And all made an astonishment and hissing
Their feet did in the Lords due time down slide:
The wicked's rodde shall not o'th' righteous bide
The pow'r to hurt five-moathes i'th' Revelation
Was fet t'*abaddon*; and *Apollyon*;

Such

Such that Kings name to rule o'er rebells fit,
An Angell of the botomleſs hells pit,
This was poor *Englands* woe. But now 'tis paſt
By Gods reſtoring us our KING at laſt:
Dragons and dogs they both had but their day:
Saint *George* his comming hath ſpoyl'd both from prey.
Welcome again Lyons King CHARLES his Armes:
Thou *Judah's* Lyon! ſheild Him from all harmes
Our Croſs is turn'd into a Crown again,
O ENGLAND! thankfull to thy God remain.
True happineſs never yet made abode,
Save there, where people make the Lord their God.

Obſervations touching the Lord General MONCK his *Iter Auſtrale*, and the happy Spring brought into ENGLAND by Him.

VVHence ſprang th' unparalleld audacious firk
I'have England *pin'd to th' ſleeve o'th' Scottiſh Kirk*
Is't beſt, to put out Eyes to looke through th' Sockets:
Or was't 'cauſe their men wont to were their pockets
Whence for their Modell care can they derive
Authentike Plea? Not from times primitive;
But though their ſleeves was large, and pretty wide
Ours hang'd looſe pin'd, and could not long ſo 'bide.
Englands *Saint* GEORGE *in* Scotland *bare ſuch ſway*
That he hath brought that Pinne *and th' Bell away.*
He to the covenant of his God did look
And what Baptiſme requir'd; He under took?
To give to God and Cæſer *both their due*
Was Chriſts command; croſs to their covenant new.
That, that, was it which good GEORGE MONCK *moſt*
When He t'his Southward March himſelfe apply'd.
Decembers *Snowes (thaw'd) proov'd our April ſhowers;*
His March anticipated May for flowers:
His Breſt (like an hot-bed) cheriſht buds loyall
Which promis'd, and produc'd an Harveſt Royall.

And now the dimneſs and vexation,
Which (froſt like) ſhrunk and nipt our Nation,
Are vanquiſhed, and vaniſht quite away.
Double vexations turn'd to double joy:
The firſt an harveſt joy, ſuch now's our ſpring.
By Gods great Larges giv'n in CHARLES *our King*
A ſecond joy flowes from the ſpoyl dividing?
Which our ſtate Cormorants have long been hiding
But now drawn forth (like Achans curſed thing,
Which cauſ'd a curſe) will't England *bleſſing bring:*
This God begins Signally to make good
Becauſe Sans Warre *or garments rol'd in bloud.*
But Gods own Zeal was that hot burning fire,
Fed by the fuell of all mens deſire.
The ſtaffe and rod of our oppreſſours brok,
Our necks are reſcu'd from that heavy Yoke
Not with the warrious ſad confuſed noyſe,
But with Victorious ſhouts, triumphant joyes,
Mans ſtrength could never this to paſs have brought:
Thy Zeal (O Lord of hoſt) all this hath wrought,
O Sune of Righteouſneſs! thou SONNE *once given,*
By ſending us a Second CHARLES; *haſt driven*
Egyptian darkneſs and vexation hence,
Of late rebellion the juſt recompence:
'Twas but our merit: England *did rebell,*
Firſt againſt thee, Hence theſe ſad judgments fell
Of treaſons, murder, rapines, Violations
Of all Gods lawes; and of the lawes of Nations.
What then ſhould cauſe; That thou again didſt call
A King thus for us? Thy Name's WONDERFUL.
Such that great Name; and ſuch thy works now ſhown
The next Name's COUNSELLER *whence by th' art known;*
O guide him with thy counſell: to whom rather
ould children go for councell then t' a Father?
'rt th' EVERLASTING FATHER. *Nor canſt ceaſe*
giving counſell, ſuch as tends to peace,
hich thou CHRIST *art* PRINCE *which ne'er ſhall end*
iſh that, for which thou do'ſt it ſend:

That

That hee (so low of late) thus soon hath trod
On traitors necks shewes THEE A MIGHTY GOD:
Thou hast confounded treach'rous counsells now,
O make his enemies fore his foot stool bow;
Thy Shoulder must support all Governments,
Else all will fall through treasons, discords rents.
But if thou PRINCE *of* PEACE, *thine Armes out streches,*
This will restore our paths; repair our breaches.
And though mens Names *may stand in future story*
As precious: yet THOU *must have the Glory.*

GEORGE MONCK'S *a* Name *shall never be forgotten,*
When Cromwells, *and that crewes shall stink as rotten*
Hee sought King CHARLES *his glory; So got* Fame
These sought their own, to their perpetuall shame:
ENGLAND *! bless God for thy true* Patriots *?*
And pray thy God to bless them with heavens lots;
After a long and prosperous Enjoyment,
Of Blessings heer, th' EUGES *of trusty imployment.*

Glory be to God on high, Peace on earth, Good will towards Men.

FINIS